MRS. SIGOURNEY'S

CHILD'S BOOK

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THE

CHILD'S BOOK:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

IN

PROSE AND POETRY

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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THE PILGRIMS.

THE first settlers of New-England are often called Pilgrims, or Pilgrim Fathers. They were an industrious, moral, and religious people. They were natives of England, but had resided several years in Holland, before they removed to this country.

You see here, a picture of them, about to embark for the New Western World.

Their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, is praying for a blessing from that God, who is alone able to protect them on the stormy ocean, and bring them to their new home in safety.

The man who kneels at his right hand, with his head bowed down in deep devotion, is Governor Carver, who died the first year after their arrival in America. Near him, is Elder Brewster, with an open Bible. This holy Book was their comfort in all their affliction.

At his side, is his wife, with a poor, sick child. She was sometimes sad, when she gazed upon her drooping boy; but in her heart was that Christian meekness, which says always, that God's will is best.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow are standing on

the left of the picture. They have just been married, and have on their wedding garments. But the lovely bride was soon to find a grave, in the far, wild country where the Indians dwelt.

Near them, is a boy, leaning on the side of the vessel. What are you thinking of, boy? The home, and the play-mates that you leave behind? Long must you toss upon the rough waters, and feel like a stranger in a strange land. We hope you are a good boy, that you may have peace in your heart.

There is Captain Miles Standish, on the other side of the picture. He was a soldier, and fought many battles with the Indians. By his side, is his wife Rose. She was a lovely woman, with a pleasant countenance, and mild, blue eyes.

There were many other of the Pilgrims, for which there is no room on this picture There were more than one hundred who embarked for the New World. After a tedious voyage, they landed at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, on the 22d of December, 1620.

The earth was covered with snow, and the wilderness dreary around them. They had no houses to shelter them from the cold. Their food was coarse and scanty, and many fell sick and died.

Some of the Indians were pitiful and

friendly, and gave them corn. Others attacked them as foes, and laid plans to destroy them. But in all their hardships, they put their trust in GOD. He heard their prayers, and made them the fathers of a nation.

Amid the sufferings and toils of planting a new colony in the wilderness, they did not forget to instruct their children. As soon it was possible, they founded schools, and places for public worship.

They felt the value of learning, and in a few years after their arrival, began to

establish a college. Though they were poor, they spared something for this. One man, having nothing else to give, brought a single bushel of corn, and said, "I give this to the college."

The fathers of New-England were willing to make every effort in their power to help the cause of education. May all the children of our dear country, love knowledge and piety, and try to advance them, as long as they live.

SPRING.

SPRING has come. She is full of gifts. She has brought fresh leaves for the naked trees, and for every bush that has so long been brown. She makes the dry grass green again, and sprinkles it with flowers. The farmer is abroad in the fields, and the gardener works with his shining spade.

The groves are merry with the flight of

birds. The blue jay is here, and the red-breasted robin, and the crimson oricle, whose wings are like living flame. Some gather light sticks, and moss, with which to build their nests. Others have a tuft of cotton or down in their beak, to make a soft lining for their little ones.

Birds, where have you been, through the long, cold winter? If you slept, who took care of you? If you went to far countries, who taught you the way through the wide sky, and brought you back to the same spot where your old nests were?

The birds answered with a song, "He who made us, took care of us. He pointed our path aright, through the trackless air He brought us safely to our homes again We rejoice to see them. We praise Him who hath preserved us."

At the voice of Spring, the frost and ice, which had so long ruled, vanished away. A sound, like music, came up as from under the ground It was the song of the melting snow, working out its secret course.

Soon the chains of ice that bound it were broken, and fell away. Then it came forth from its hiding place,—a little, dancing rill, —and looked up gladly to the open sky, like a child at play. On its banks, the tall rushes grew up, and the purple iris, which loves always the fresh, cool waters.

Many little rills ran to meet the brooks. The brooks welcomed them, and rushed onward to the rivers. The rivers poured their fulness into the ocean, where the ships ride. Who bade the brooks thus to swell the rivers?—and the rivers to lose

themselves in the sea? Then the sea lifted up a great voice, and answered, "GOD."

In the garden, early flowers have come up and blossomed. They are the crocus, and the daffodil; the violet, and the hyacinth. Who kept their fair colours and their sweet breath unchanged for so long a time, under the cold frozen earth? It was His hand, who will bring again from the dark tomb those who slumber there.

You have seen the fair babe, and the lovely child, laid in the grave, with tears. Their stiff limbs moved not; their faces

were pale, and cold as marble. But they shall awake again; they shall arise from the pit.

The trump of the angel shall sound, and the dead be raised. Those who have done good, shall come forth in new beauty, to fade and to die no more. Pray that this may be your blessed lot, dear children, when the graves and the deep sea give up their dead.

God heareth prayer. We will pray unto Him when we lie down at night, and when we awake from sleep, that we may so live, and keep His law, that at the morning of the resurrection, we may rise from the wintry tomb, in the glory of an eternal spring.

WALKING ON THE SEA.

CHILDREN, I 'll tell a story of the sea,
And Him who walk'd upon it.
It was night,—
Dark night in Galilee,—and the loud winds
Howl'd to the mighty waves.
Yet o'er their heads
In all their pride and anger, JESUS came,
Calmly, as though the smooth, green grass
he trod.

A ship lay tossing there, and the strain'd eyes
Of the affrighted mariners were bent
On him astonish'd, for they did not know
Their master, in that hour.

But at the sound
Of his blest voice, that cheered their fainting hearts,
Peter, with eager footstep, hasted down
To meet his Lord. The wild and boisterous blast
Made him afraid, and the cold surge came up
Against his shuddering breast.
"Save me!" he cried,—
"Save, or I perish!"

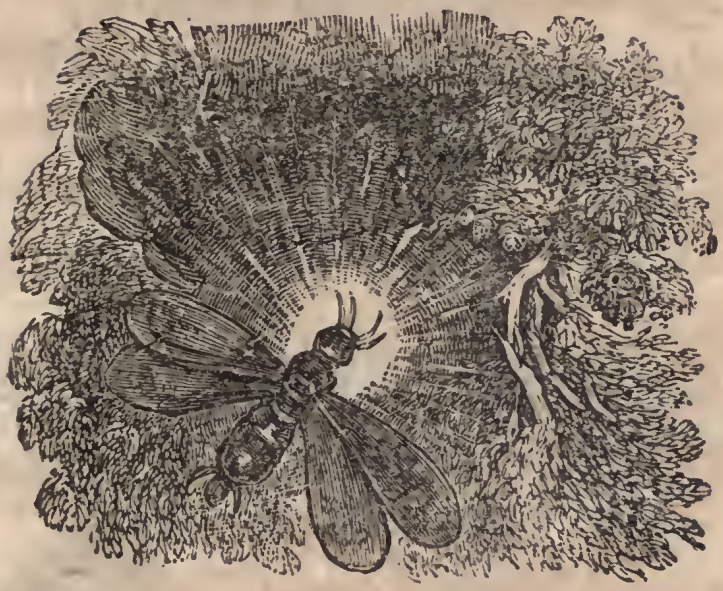
Then the Saviour's hand

Was stretch'd to succor him; even as it plucks
The soul that trusts Him from the flood of death,
And gives it victory. Safe on the deck,
Among the glad disciples, Peter stood,
Full of adoring gratitude, while all
Gave praise and glory to the Son of God.

So Peter learn'd he might not place his foot
Upon the ocean's stormy face, and live.
Children, you know the reason. 'Tis not given
To man to tread the sea. It riseth up
And sweeps him, like a feeble weed, away.

But God can do what man attempts in vain;
And He who made the sea, can bid its waves,

In all the madness of their stormy wrath,
Spread a smooth pavement for his feet



THE BEE AND BUTTERFLY.

"Come, busy Bee," said Butterfly,
"And spend a playful hour,
For cloudless is the summer sky,
And fragrant every flower."

But, bent on industry, the Bee
Replied, with serious brow,
"I cannot leave my task, you see;
I 'm not at leisure now.

I think you 'd better toil a while,
To lay up food in store,
For summer has a fleeting smile,
And winter 's at the door."

"No, no," he said, "while skies are fair,
I choose to gad and play,
And not distress myself with care
About á future day:

And so, wise neighbour Bee, good bye,"
But she, with thoughtful grace,
Scarce turn'd her head to see him fly
His wild and giddy race.

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
She patient roam'd along,

And cheer'd her faithful industry
With her own pleasant song.

But once, as from her hive she sped,
Beneath a frosty sky,
She saw, all desolate and dead,
The idle Butterfly.

POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas was the daughter of Powhatan, a powerful Indian king. When the English first came to settle in Virginia, in the spring of 1607, they found him bearing rule over thirty tribes, or nations, and much feared and respected.

At their first arrival, the princess Pocahontas was about twelve years of age. She was always kind and friendly to the white strangers. When they were in distress for food, she would go through the thick woods and carry them baskets of corn with her own hands.

After a while, there was some trouble between the white and the red men; and Captain Smith, one of the best and bravest leaders of the colony, was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. He was laid upon the ground, and heavy clubs raised over him, to dash out his brains.

Pocahontas, moved with pity, begged her father to spare his life, but in vain. Just as the fatal blow was about to descend, she flew to him, and laid her head upon his. She said, if the stroke fell, it must crush her head first

The Indians always respect bravery. The king was moved at the courage of his child, and bade the captive rise, and live.—Thus, through her intercession, one of the most valuable men was saved to the colony.

A plot was secretly laid to destroy all the English at once, and at a time when they least expected it. Again, the young princess proved a firm friend. Captain Smith, in a letter to the Queen of England, says, that "Pocahontas, the dearest jewel, and daughter of the Indian king, came alone through the thick woods, in the darkness of the night, to warn them of their danger."

Afterward, this amiable princess became a Christian. You see here a picture of her baptism. It was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, the clergyman of the colony, in the presence of her Indian relatives and friends, and of the white people.

It took place in the first church that was ever built in this western country. The ruins of it may still be seen, at Jamestown, about fifty miles above the mouth of the James River, in Virginia.

In the same church, in the month of April, 1613, the princess Pocahontas was married to a young English gentleman of the name of Rolfe. This marriage gave great delight to both whites and Indians, as it proved a bond of peace between them.

Three years afterward, Mr. Rolfe took his wife and infant son to England. Here she was treated with great attention, not only by his friends, but by the Queen of James First, and many noble ladies.

They admired the rich, flowing black hair, and the gentle, ladylike manners of

the forest princess. They also remembered with gratitude, that she had saved their colony in America from famine and slaughter.

She spent a year happily in the native land of her husband. When getting ready to return, she was taken suddenly ill, and died, at the age of twenty-two. She was buried at Gravesend, twenty miles from London, greatly lamented by all who knew her.

Her aged father, king Powhatan, long looked for his beloved daughter, but in vain. He often sat upon a high hill, watching the waters, and hoping that every speck which appeared among the mist, was the vessel bearing her to his arms.

But he saw her no more. And the

white-haired king mourned for her till he died. The princess Pocahontas was amiable, true-hearted, and pious, and her memory should be held in lasting honour.

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

The west had shut its gate of gold
Upon the parted sun,
And through each window's curtaining fold
Lamps glimmer'd one by one;
And many a babe had gone to rest,
And many a tender mother's breast
Still lulled its darling care,—
When in a nursery's quiet bound,
With fond affections circled round,
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt, its cherub face
  Upraised with earnest air,
And well devotion's heaven-born grace
  Became a brow so fair;
But seldom at our Father's throne,
Such blest and happy child is known
  So painfully to strive;
For long, with tearful ardor fraught,
That supplicating lip besought,
  "Please GOD, let Lilly live."

And still the imploring voice did flow,
  That little couch beside,
As if for "poor, sick Lilly's" wo,
  It could not be denied:
Even when the balm of slumber stole,
With soothing influence, o'er the soul,
  Like moonlight o'er the stream,
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lilly's life,
  Mixed with the infant dream.

So LILLY LIVED,—but not where time
  Is measured out by woes;
Not where cold winter chills the clime,
  Or canker eats the rose:
And she, who for that darling friend
In agonizing love did bend,
  To pour the simple prayer,—
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart,
That wound the mourning parent's heart,
  Lives with her Lilly there.

KING HENRY FIRST.

THERE is the picture of a king. He wears a crown upon his head. He bears rule over his people. They obey his laws. In our own country there are no kings. Our chief ruler is called President of the United States.

England is governed by a king or a queen. The name of the king, whose picture you see here, is Henry. There have

been eight kings of that name in England. He lived before any of them, so he is called Henry the First.

He was born about eight hundred years ago. He had much wealth and power, and was called a wise man. But in one thing he was not wise. When I have told you what that was, I think you will say so too.

Henry the First, of England, did not rule his appetite. He was very fond of a rich dish, made of a kind of eels, called lampreys. One day he eat so much of it as to make himself sick and die. So this king, who was called wise, died foolishly. Did he not?

Children should not think too much about eating. They should be content with plain

food, and what their parents, and older friends, think best for them. If any nice thing is given them, they should share it with their brothers and sisters, or their playmates and rriends. To devour dainties alone, will make them selfish. No selfish person can be happy.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born in the island of Corsica. He went to school there. He studied his lessons well, but was not very amiable, and did not make many friends among his school-mates.

In his winter sports, he liked to build forts of snow, and to draw out the boys in troops, as soldiers, to attack and defend

them. He was too fond of fighting, and had rather have the fame of the warrior than the quiet pleasure of doing good. This was his temper of mind as long as he lived

When he grew to be a young man, he went to live in France. There were many troubles there. Neighbour fought against neighbour, and friend against friend. This is called civil war. It led to a revolution, or change in the government. The head of their king, Louis Sixteenth, was cut off, and much blood was shed in the country.

Bonaparte was better pleased with these things than he would have been to see the people at peace. He was bold and fearless as a soldier, and became a general. He led armies into distant countries, and fought many battles for what he called the glory of France.

Burning of Moscow.

At length he was made Emperor of France. But he could not be content with all his power and wealth, unless he was making war. He went with a very large army to Russia. Here he was beaten, and thousands of his poor soldiers, who were obliged to retreat, were frozen or starved to death. Few of that great army lived to see their home or their friends again.

Bonaparte was not idle while he was

Emperor of France. When he was not at war, he reared fine buildings, and bridges, and arches, and did many things to make Paris beautiful, and the nation great. Yet he was always restless and ambitious, because the sweet spirit of peace was not in him.

His last battle was fought at Waterloo. There he was defeated by the English, under the Duke of Wellington Then they sent him to the island of St. Helena, where he lived at a lonely place called Longwood, and had plenty of time to look back upon his past life.

Neither wife nor child, brother nor sister went with him there. The great, hoarse waves beat heavily against the rocky shores, and he was not permitted to go away from the island. His favourite trade

of war was over; and he who had sat on a throne, and ruled millions, was now a prisoner.

What did he think about during those lonely years? About the many thousands he had caused to be slain? the cities he had burned? the houses he had filled with mourning? parents weeping for their sons? and wives for their husbands? and children for their fathers?

Or did he only angrily repine for his lost greatness? We cannot tell what his thoughts were. But there he fell sick, and died. His disease was a cancer in the stomach, which gave him great pain. He was buried in that solitary island, without a stone at his tomb. About twenty years afterward, his bones were taken up and removed to Paris, and interred with great pomp.

We hope that in his years of solitude, in that lonesome island, he was sorry for the evils he had caused among men. We wish he could have looked back upon more deeds done in peace and love. Some men are great without being good. But when they come to die, and go before GOD, a good man without fame is better than a great man without goodness.

LETTER FROM A BABY TO HER NEIGHBOUR, ON HIS SECOND BIRTHDAY.

THE rolling earth,
Your day of birth
  Brings fair and fleeting;
And as a friend
I long to send
  My simple greeting.

Yet almost fear
To have you hear

My poor inditing;
Your critic smile
Must scorn my style
Of baby-writing.

Six months have shed
Upon my head
But little knowledge;
While you are fit,
In sense and wit,
To enter college.

My mother said,
The map you'd spread
And show with ease,
All the globe boasts,—
Realms, isles, and coasts,
And lakes, and seas.

That you 'd describe
The four-legged tribe

Both great and small,—
Both wild and tam'd,
That Adam nam'd
In Eden, all.

Years, at this rate,
Will make you great,
Or I 'm mistaken.
Perhaps, with Locke,

The crowd you 'll mock,
  Or shine like Bacon.

With Franklin's zeal
The lightning steal,
  And chain its rage;
Or nobly write
Your name, like Dwight,
  On heaven's own page

Our sex, I 'm told,
Are formed to hold
  A lower place;
Our powers of mind
Being far behind
  Your lordly race.

I 've understood
That "household good"
  Was our enjoyment.
To cook and mend,

And babies tend,
Our chief employment.

'Tis very well,
I shan't rebel;
And when I grow,
Shall like to make
Nice pies and cake,
And share, also.

But now good bye,—
'Tis time that I

Your patience spare;
May you, each day,
In love repay
A parent's care.

SETTING OUT TREES.

HERE is a boy, with a young tree in his hand. He is going to set it out. He will dig with his spade, a hole of a proper size and depth. When he places it there, he will take care that the roots are not crowded, but have room to stretch themselves out.

Another boy will hold the tree upright for him, while he fills the earth in around it. He will not suffer stones or hard lumps of clay to touch the roots, but lay the soft

earth gently around them in their new bed, pouring on, now and then, a little water.

He will tread the earth firmly around the young tree, and finish his work by making a little hollow or basin near its trunk, to retain the moisture. He will water it every day, about sunset, if it does not rain; and should the season be dry, will continue this care until it has taken root and put forth new leaves.

If it is a shade-tree, in a few years it will lift a lofty head, and extend broad and

thick branches. The birds will build nests there, and rear their young. The boy will feel happy that he planted it. Perhaps he may live to be an old man, and set under its shadow, thinking gratefully of Him who hath taken care of them both.

Boys should never break the boughs of a young tree, or cut its trunk with their knives. It is very wrong to injure the property of others, or carelessly destroy such a noble thing as a tree, which GOD has created for use and for beauty.

In France, there are many public gardens and squares adorned with trees and shrubbery. The French children never hurt them, or think of breaking the smallest plant or flower. They feel that they have no right to do so; and they take pleasure

and pride, in seeing them flourish and bloom

In some countries, the father plants a tree at the birth of each of his children. It must be pleasant to the parents to walk in the grove, where every tree bears the name of a beloved child, and grows every year more strong and beautiful.

There was once a boy, who set out, with his own hand, every spring, several fruit trees. When he became a man, they formed a fine orchard. The fruit was fair, and so abundant, that he had plenty to give to his friends and neighbours.

He sometimes sent it to market, where its excellence caused it to be sought after, and to bring a high price. He said, "My parents gave me much good advice when I

was young. I am thankful for it. I am glad they taught me to plant trees, and never to destroy any thing that GOD had caused to grow for the comfort of my fellow-creatures."

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

THERE was a king of Egypt, and he made
A cruel law, that every infant son
Born to the Hebrew race, throughout his realm,
Should be destroyed. Think! what a cruel law,
That those sweet, sinless infants should be slain.

But one fond mother hid her babe away,

So that they might not find him; and she went,
Silent, and gave him food, and when he cried,
She softly hushed him, lest his voice should lead
The murderers to their prey. So he became
Exceeding fair, and health upon his cheek
Gleam'd like an opening rose.

Three months passed by,
And his glad eye grew brighter, when he heard
His mother's footstep, though he did not know
Why she would press her finger on her lip,
To check his joyous mirth. With bitter pang
She gazed upon the beauty of his smile,

And shuddering heard his laughter, for she felt
She could no longer hide him.

So, one morn,
She wrapt him safely in a cradle-ark,
And with a hurried footstep, laid him down
Among the rushes by the river's brink.

Strangely the wild eye of the wondering babe
Gazed on her from the water, and his arms
Stretched from their reedy prison, sought in vain

To twine about her neck. She turn'd away,
Breathing that prayer, which none but mothers breathe
For their endangered babes.

It was the Nile
On which she laid her son, in his slight ark
Of woven rushes. She remembered well
The gaunt and wily crocodile, that loves
To haunt those slimy waters. But she knew
That HE who made the crocodile could stay
His ravenous jaws. So, in His mighty arm
She put her trust. Close by the river's brink
Her little mournful daughter staid to see
What would befal her brother, and her voice
Did sweetly struggle with her grief, to sing
The hymn that soothed the child.

But then there came
Proud Egypt's princess, with her flowing robes,
Walking that way. And when she saw the ark
Among the flags, she bade her maidens haste,
And bring it to her.

Lo! there lay a babe,—
A weeping babe; and when she saw its brow,

Polish'd and beautiful, all wet with tears,
And deadly pale, pity and love sprang up,
In her kind bosom, and she took the boy
To her own palace-home. Yet still he wept,
Like an affrighted stranger.

Then she bade
To call a nurse, and lo! the mother came!
She who had sown in tears, did reap in joy.
And when she drew her nursling to her breast,
And fondly lull'd him to a gentle sleep,
Know ye how warm the thrill of praise went up
Unto the God of Israel?

So this babe
Of the poor Hebrew, 'neath the royal dome
Of Egypt's monarch grew, in all the lore
Of that wise realm instructed. He became
A prophet, mighty, both in word and deed

And when you read, my children, how he broke
The yoke of bondage from his people's neck,
And smote with awful rod the parting sea,
And brought pure water from the rock, and stood
On Sinai with Jehovah, face to face,
You will bethink you of this simple tale,—
The ark of rushes, and the mother's prayer.

CAGE ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Once, as I was riding over Waterloo Bridge, in London, a little bright-eyed girl pointed out a large cage, or case, about five feet square, which stood upon a bench. She wished to look at it, and thanked us for being so kind as to stop the carriage, and get out for that purpose.

We were all as much pleased as the

little girl, when we found animals and birds of different natures, and who are often foes to each other, dwelling together in peace. There were cats, rats, and mice; rabbits, guinea pigs, and squirrels; owls, hawks, pigeons, and other birds, living in the same house, as friends.

They often take their food from one dish, and there is no growling or quarreling among them The rats and mice seemed fond of being near a large cat, and hiding their heads in her furry sides. The birds perched upon her head, and sometimes slept there the whole night.

When she chooses she takes a walk, or sets in the sun, upon the parapet of the bridge, looking gravely down into the river Thames. The birds also go forth, and stretch their wings for exercise; but all return, of their own accord, to their home and their friends.

They seem even to have some idea of being polite to each other. We saw a hawk take meat in his beak, and feed the other birds, before he partook himself. One would scarcely have expected a hawk to be polite. But in this you can see what good training will do.

The name of the man who has tamed these animals, and taught them such good habits, is Mr. John Austin. He has spent more than twenty years, in this kind of work, and enjoys it very much.

The secret of his art, is to be always kind. He takes his pupils when quite young, gives them plenty of food, and takes pains to make them happy. By this careful education they grow contented, so that the strong never hurt the weak, and the weak are not afraid of the strong.

It would be well if children, like this kind-hearted man, would try to bring forth the good properties of animals. The Arab treats his horse so kindly, that he loves him as a friend; and we all know how strongly attached a dog is to his master.

Cruelty to animals is a great fault. The child who likes to trouble an unoffending cat, to frighten domestic fowls, to torture a toad, to tread upon a worm, or to hurt any helpless and harmless thing, cannot have a good heart.

A boy kills a bird. Perhaps it was a mother, seeking food for her young. Does he

remember how her little ones will mourn?—how they will shiver for the want of her shielding wing, when night comes?—how they will pine away with hunger, or fall from their nest and die?

What right has he to cause so much misery? What good has it done him? On the contrary, it has done him harm. It has hardened his heart. God, who "heareth the young ravens when they cry," and taketh note of the falling sparrow, will take note of him and of his deeds

The man who took care of the animals on Waterloo Bridge, said he was very happy. Yes, because he made others happy. We cannot make even the humblest creature more happy, without sharing in that happiness. Try it and see.

If you are selfish, and indulge in bad tempers, you may vex others, but you will be still more unhappy yourselves. You are nursing evil plants, which bear fruits of bitterness. If you wish to be happy, take pains to make all around you, even the animals, happy.

Children who are apt to quarrel with their companions, to speak cross words to brothers and sisters, or to destroy the comfort of the animal creation, might take a lesson to their profit from the school on Waterloo Bridge, and from its amiable teacher.

WAR.

War is a wicked thing,—
  It strikes the strong man dead,
And leaves the trampled battle-field
  With blood and carnage red ;
While thousand mangled forms
  In hopeless suffering bleed,
And vultures and hyenas throng
  Upon their flesh to feed.

See, with what bitter grief
  Those widowed ones deplore;
And children for their father mourn,
  Who must return no more.
And aged parents sink
  In penury and despair,
And sorrow dwells in many a home,—
  War makes the weeping there.

It comes with sins and woes,—
  A dark and endless train;
It fills the breast with murderous hate,
  Where Christian love should reign:
It desolates the land,
  With famine, death, and flame;
And those are in a sad mistake,
  Who seek the warrior's fame.

Oh, may I guard my heart
  From every evil thing;
From thoughts of anger and revenge,

Whence wars and fightings spring;
And may the plants of peace
Grow up serene and fair,
And mark me as a child of heaven,
That I may enter there.

THE GRAPE VINE.

A BOY brought to his mother the slip of a grape vine that had been given him. He asked her leave to set it out. They had not much ground to spare, but she gave him a spot under her window, and near the wall of the house.

She was so kind as to teach him how to dig and prepare the soil, and how to press it closely around the slip, that it might not

feel as a stranger in its new home. This was in the Spring, when plants and trees best take root.

He set a fence of small sticks around his slip, to keep it from harm; and when no rain fell, he gave it water at sun-set. With what delight did he see it grow green at the top, and one or two delicate leaves faintly unfold.

Another year, his vine grew so fast, that he placed a slight frame for its support, and took care to teach it where to climb. The brick wall, near which his mother had instructed him to place it, sheltered it from cold winds, and reflected warmly the rays of the sun.

He was happy to see it reach out its

hands and take hold of the prop that he had prepared for it. He stretched cords across his mother's window, and caused it to twine there, that she might enjoy the cool shade of its beautiful leaves.

As she sat there, reading or working, she was pleased to see how well the vine flourished, and to inhale the fragrance of its young flowers, which, through the open window, filled the whole house with their sweet breath.

As they fell off, little grapes appeared, at first scarcely larger than a pin's head. The boy was delighted to watch their growth. If there was much rain, he raised them from the damp wall with little forked sticks, lest they might mould; and when

the weather was dry, he poured water around the root.

In the morning, when he first arose, he visited his vine, and was pleased to see the small, pure dew-drops, hanging at each point of its leaves like pearls. Sometimes, as he came home from his school, he said to himself, "How glad I am that I planted this beautiful vine."

One day, in autumn, he came into his mother's room with a smiling face. Opening a basket, he showed her a few clusters of fine, ripe grapes.

"My dear mother, accept the first fruits of the vine, which you taught me how to rear." Then she thanked him, and said,

"My good boy, may your whole life be like this fragrant vine, pleasing in His sight, who causes the good seed sown in the heart to spring up, and bear fruit."

CHILDREN'S LETTER TO A GRANDFATHER, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

A KISS of love,—your birthday morn,
We bring, grandfather dear,—
Fresh flowrets, and this letter too,
With tenderness sincere.

We 're glad to see you look so well,
And hear your pleasant voice;
And then to walk with you to church,
We very much rejoice.

You call yourself an old, old man,
Of fourscore years and five;
Yet still you grow more dear to us
For every year you live.

For we are taught the hoary head,
By time and wisdom crown'd,
Is blessed,—like the heart that sheds
A sweet example round.

Yes, blessed is the pious man,
Who meekly, humbly waits
The will of God, and cheerful looks
Toward heaven's unfolding gates.

We love to sit upon your knee,
And in the Bible read;
And you to all our little wants
Are very kind indeed.

We pray that blessings on your head
May thro' this year be strew'd ;
And should we live to be as old,
That we may be as good.

THE APPLE TREE AND THE THORN BUSH.

How beautiful is that tree, with its load of pink and white blossoms. They cover all its boughs, and the air is filled with their sweetness.

Ere long they will fade away. The breeze will scatter them, and the turf around will be sprinkled with them, as a carpet.

In their place, upon the same stems, will be left small, green balls, which the sun and rain will swell and ripen. After many weeks, you will see large, fine apples, with ruddy cheeks.

So this is an apple tree. What is that growing by its side, so full of sharp, long points? Will it put forth flowers? No. Will it bear fruit? No. Do not go too near it. It may tear your clothes, or your flesh.

Did they both come from the same kind of seed? No. He who plants must take care to have good seed, lest when he looks for a fair tree, there should come up a bramble.

If you sow bad words, and evil deeds, you will be apt to receive the same again.

Thorns and thistles will they bring forth unto you.

But if you sow right words, and loving smiles, and kind actions, you will gather the sweet fruits. The Bible saith, "Whatsoever one soweth, that shall he also reap."

The apple tree and the thorn bush grow side by side. One breathes its perfume upon the other, and sheds its fair blossoms into its bosom. But the thorns are as sharp as ever.

The good tree waits in patience, and perfects its fruit, and learns no bad lessons from its cross and idle neighbour. It brings

its riches into the store-house of its master with gladness, while the end of the thorn bush, is to be cut down and burned.

The good and the bad dwell together in this world. They breathe the same air. The same blue sky bends over them. The merciful GOD causeth "His sun to shine on the evil, and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

But in the end there is a judgment. And He who sitteth as judge, shall separate the good from the evil, "as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." On the evil and disobedient who repented not, He shall pronounce a fearful doom, but receive the good into life eternal.

RESPECT TO AGE.

If, leaning on his staff,
Amid the crowded street,
With feeble step and wrinkled brow,
Some aged form I meet,—

However poor and weak,
Or ignorant and low,

RESPECT TO AGE.

I must respect the hoary head,—
For God hath told me so.

I love to see the hair
All venerably gray;
A crown of glory 'tis to those
Who walk in Wisdom's way.

I love the reverend head,
With years and honours white;
'Tis like the ripened fruit of heaven,
And angels bless the sight.

THE RAISIN SEEDS.

A LITTLE girl was eating some raisins. She said, "They are so good, I will plant their seeds in my little bed, in the garden, and have raisin trees of my own."

"Raisins do not grow on trees," said her older sister: "They are dried grapes,—the fruit of a vine that flourishes in warmer

countries than this. The best ones that we have, come from the south of Europe.

"When they are fully ripe, the people let

them hang on their stalks still longer, to dry. They strip all the leaves from the branches, that the fruit may have the full heat of the sun.

"When they begin to grow wrinkled, they pluck the clusters, and dip them for a moment in boiling water, where ashes and lime have been steeped.

"They lay them to drain and to dry beneath the summer-sun, on frames of basket work, for about two weeks. Then they pack them in casks and boxes, to be sent in vessels to other lands.

"Now, little sister, you know all about how grapes are made into raisins. But I doubt whether the seeds which you have saved will grow."

"I will try," said the child; so she planted them in a bed of soft earth. Every day she walked there, and watched the spot. After a while, she saw a few tender shoots of a lively green, breaking through the brown mould.

Then the child rejoiced, and said, "Sister! you see now, that it is well not to waste even a raisin seed, but to plant it in hope, and to make the most of every little bit of ground, where there is room for a root to strike down, or a bud to put forth its head.

LAW OF LOVE.

When Jesus Christ came into this world, he taught the law of love. He said to those who followed him, "By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

He was kind and gentle, and said, "When ye enter into a house, salute it." He was meek and lowly; when he suffered wrong,

he threatened not, neither was his voice heard in the streets.

He taught not to return stroke for stroke, nor railing for railing, and not to let the sun go down upon our wrath. He chose his lot with the poor of the world, and took part in their sorrows.

He loved little children. Those who stood around, forbade them to come near, lest they should trouble him. But he commanded that they should be brought unto him.

Then he took them in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them. Great honour was it for the little ones, that the holy Son of God should fold them to his breast, and give them his blessing.

Let us try so to live here below, that when we come to die, He may receive our souls to his bosom, in heaven, to dwell with the angels.

THE PRISONER BIRD.

THERE you are, in your cage,
Little prisoner, I see,
Looking wishfully forth,
At the birds on the tree.

Gazing out all the day,
On your friends as they fly,

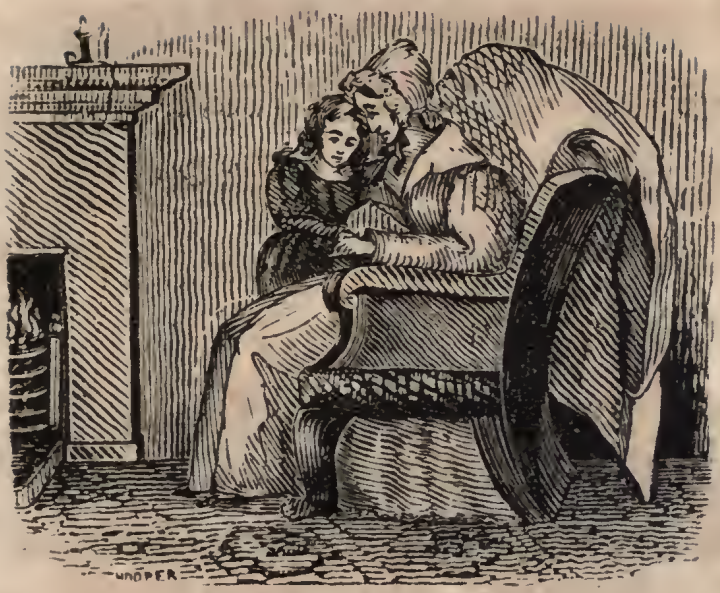
With the song of the heart,
From the earth to the sky.

The gay butterflies,
And the beetles and bees,
Unfold their light pinions
And rove where they please.

But there you are shut,
With a close-folded wing,
And a pang at your breast,
Tho' you 're trying to sing.

Might I open your prison,
And bid you be free,
To build you a nest
On the bush or the tree;

And see you enjoying
This bright summer day,
It would gladden my heart
As I go to my play.



THE RAINY DAY.

"MOTHER, it rains," said a little girl, who was looking out at the window. "I am so sorry not to go and make that visit to Emma. She invited me twice before but it rained; and now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy, my dear," said her mother. "I think I see tears upon your cheeks. I will not say it is a little thing, for the troubles of children

seem great to them. But I trust you will be patient, and wait pleasantly for good weather."

"Mother, you have told me that GOD knows everything, and that he is always good. Then he certainly must know that there is but one Saturday afternoon in the whole week, and that this is all the time I have to play with my little friends. He must know that it has rained now these three holidays, when I wished so much to go abroad. And can he not make sunshine whenever he pleases?"

"We cannot understand all the ways of GOD, my child, but the Bible tells us He is wise and good. Look out into your little garden, and see how happy the rose-buds are to catch the soft

rain in their bosoms, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces to meet it; and as the drops fall into the quiet stream, how it dimples with gladness and gratitude.

"The cattle will drink at that stream and be refreshed. Should it dry up, they would be troubled; and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would be still more troubled, and some of them might perish for want of food."

Then the good mother told her daughter of the sandy deserts in the east, and of the camel, who patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain cloud, and blessed God

when he found water. And she showed her pictures of the camel, and of the caravan, and told her how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert.

And she told her a story of the mother who wandered in the wilderness with her son, and when the water was spent in the bottle, she laid him under the shrubs to die, and went and prayed in her anguish to God. Then, how an angel brought her water from heaven, and her son lived.

She told her another story from the Bible; how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks wasted away, and the cattle died; and how the good prophet prayed earnestly to God, and the skies sent down a blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit.

Many other things this good mother said to her child,—teaching and entertaining her. Then they sang together a sweet hymn or two,—and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so quickly spent, for the time passed pleasantly.

So she thanked her kind mother for the

stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her. And she smiled, and said, "What GOD pleases is best." Her mother kissed her, and said, "Carry this sweet spirit with you, my daughter, as long as you live, and you will have gotten more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine."

BROTHER AND SISTER.

EARLY one morning,
A boy said to his sister,
I was not good to you, yesterday,—
I was cross and unkind;
I did not tell you that I was sorry.

At night, I laid down to sleep,—
But I was not happy.
I dreamed that you lay on your bed,—
You were very pale and sick,—
I spoke,—but you did not answer;
I feared that you would die.

When I awoke, I remembered
The text that we had learned,—

"Be kindly affectioned,
One toward another,
In brotherly love."

I knew that my sleep was troubled,
Because I had done wrong.
I am sorry that I was not good to you.
Dear sister, forgive me,—
I will try to be always kind.

The little girl ran to her brother,—
She put her arms round his neck,
She kissed him, and said,
"I forgive you,—and I love you
Better than I did before."

INDUSTRY.

THERE are many good things to be gotten out of the earth. But men must plough and sow before they can reap, and plant before they can gather fruit. If they would

have coals to burn, they must dig them, and metals from the mine, they must work hard to get and to refine them.

There are riches in the wide sea. But the net must be spread ere the fishes can be taken. The whale must be pursued into the far, deep waters, to get the oil for our lamps, and the sperm candles, whose light is so pure.

In the large cities are many buildings. But the stones and timber, the bricks and boards, the iron and glass, of which they are made, were procured with toil; and the masons and joiners worked hard to put them together, and sometimes risked their lives upon high roofs and steeples.

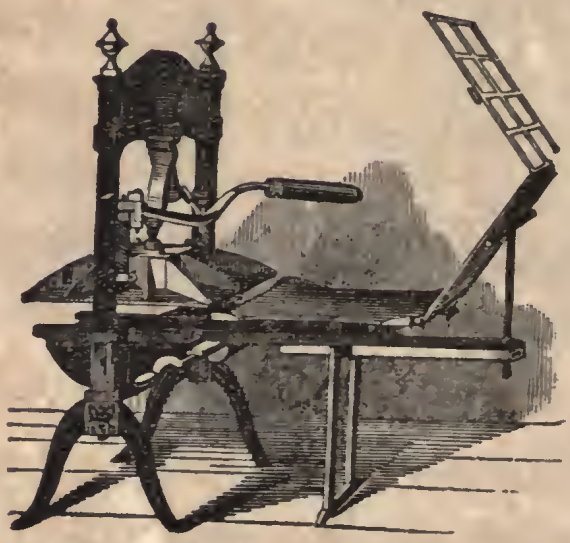
From foreign climes we get many things;

sugars from the West India islands, and teas from China, and silks from France. —But ships must go forth into distant seas, and the poor sailor bear the storm, and climb the mast in darkness, before they can be brought to us.

There is much knowledge in books. But learned men have laboured to gather and put it there; and the paper maker, and the printer, and the binder, have worked hard to preserve it. The young must study to obtain it, and to store it in their minds.

It is so ordered in this world, that our good things are gained by industry. It is

our duty, and for our comfort, to make use of the powers, and improve the time that God has given us. The idle are never happy.



WINTER.

WINTER has come. There are no flowers in the garden, and instead of the fresh turf, is a covering of snow. The brooks that made a pleasant murmur are silent, and the rivers hide themselves beneath the ice. But the dark evergreens still lift their heads beautifully from among the snow.

Many things seem to look sad, now the cold has come. There is no more playing

of lambs, or peeping of young chickens. The cattle of the farmer stand patiently around the barn-yard, or the stacks where they get their food. The kitten, who has never before seen snow, dips her paw in it, and quickly draws back.

But, for us children, Winter has many pleasures. It is a good time to play. We can glide with our sleds down the steep icy hills, or build houses of the new fallen snow. The skater flies swiftly over the frozen pond, making circles upon it with his heel. The sleigh-bells ring merrily, and people, wrapped in fur, enjoy their ride.

Winter is a good time to study. In the long evenings, we can set by the lamp, and gather knowledge from books. After our lessons are learned, we will find time to

read a story, or a chapter in the Bible, to our parents and friends, if they desire it.

It is a time to remember the poor. We know that in many small houses, are children who suffer from cold and hunger. They stand shivering by a little fire, and sometimes have none at all. The younger ones cling closely to the mother, and beg for a piece of bread, which she has not to give.

We will ask our parents if we have not some clothing to spare them,—a warm coat, or shoes and stockings. We will ask if they have any food which they think proper to

give; and if they will allow us, we will gladly carry it. For the thanks and blessings of the poor, make our hearts cheerful.

Winter is a time to be grateful to God. When we hear the hoarse wind howl, and see it pile the drifted snow, and drive it in the eyes of the poor wanderer, who has no home, we will thank Him for our shelter and our fire-side. When we are called around the table, to partake of its comforts, we will remember to praise Him in our hearts.

Winter is a time for hope. The plants that have disappeared are not lost. Their roots are safely locked up beneath the snow. They will hear the voice of Spring and put forth their heads. The flowers will burst again into beauty, and the trees put on their joyful garments.

We know that this bright season is coming, for the Bible has promised that "seed time and harvest shall not cease." So, while we enjoy the good things of the winter, we expect, in due time, the smiles of spring. To look forward to something pleasant, is often as useful to the heart, as to possess it.

Winter is a good time to love each other.

So ought every season to be. But in winter we cannot walk about among the flowers. So we will tend those that grow in the bosom,—gentleness, and patience, and love. We will not think too much of ourselves, for selfishness is more chilling than cold or storm. We cannot hear the birds sing. But we will sing a song of praise to Him who has put music in the soul.

THE LADY AND THE POOR BOY.

One cold day in winter,
A lady went to her door:
She saw a poor boy,—
His clothes were old and thin,—
Frost was upon his hair,
And he shivered, as he asked,
"Will you please to give me some work?"

"You may come in, and warm you:
Do you not want something to eat?"

"I had rather work first:
I do not wish to beg."
Then the lady gave him leave
To pile some wood in her yard.
He was quick at the work,
And took pains to do it well.

Then she gave him some breakfast.
He was hungry, yet he ate but little,
And asked, "Is this food mine?"
"Yes," she said, "you have earned it."
"If you please, I will take it to my mother.
She is sick now:

"She cannot leave her bed.
We were not so poor before.
She has told me not to beg,
But to ask for work:
I think she is the best woman in the world."

"Take the food to her, my good boy.
Here, I will give you some wood,
That you may make a fire for her."
He thanked her, and went gladly home.

The same day, the good lady visited them;
She found that he had told the truth:
His poor mother was sick and weak;
He had made her a fire
With the wood that had been sent.
He was feeding her with some of the food that he had warmed.

The next day the lady gave him more work;

She asked kindly after his sick mother,
And sent things for her comfort.
The boy looked thankfully at her,
And in his eyes were bright tears of joy.

So he worked willingly,—day after day,
And nursed and took care of his sick mother.

His father was a sailor,
He was out upon the wide sea,
He was to be gone many months.

The boy prayed to God
That his dear mother might not die;
He was always at her side,
To wait upon her and to comfort her,—
Only when he went out and worked,
To earn their food and the fuel that kept them warm.

Slowly the poor woman grew better;
When her husband returned, she was
almost well.
The good lady sent her son to school.
A part of every day he worked for her:
In the evening he read to his parents
Books, which she kindly lent him.

He was a good and obedient son;
When he grew up to be a man,
He was respected by all.

The blessing of God was with him,—
For he kept the commandment,
Which is given in His Holy Word,
"Honour thy father and thy mother."

THE FARM-YARD.

I HEAR a noise in the farm-yard. What is the harm there? The hen screams loudly. Her young chickens fly to her, and take shelter under her wings.

Has any strange dog got in to trouble her? No. I see only a bird hovering near, with broad black wings. Why need she fear a bird? There are many birds in the air, and she is larger than they.

It is a hawk that you see,—a bird of prey. The hen knows what it is, better than you do. Have you not heard that it will catch chickens, and bear them through the air to its nest, and feed upon them? This is why we call the hawk a bird of prey.

How did the hen learn that the hawk was a bird of prey? Did any body tell her? I am sure that she could not read in any book, of the nature and doings of hawks.

He who made her hath told her. It was His voice in her heart that taught her how to take care of her young, and guard them from evil. They heed her warning cry, and are safe.

Have you a mother, who tells you what will be hurtful to you,—who warns you not to go with bad children, lest you should learn their ways, but to walk in the paths of goodness all the days of your life? Do you obey her? Or are the chickens in the farm-yard wiser than you?

God did not give the fowls wisdom; but he gave them instinct, and they follow it. To you He gave the nobler gift of reason. You understand what your teachers say, and can read the Book which shows the way to heaven.

When you are told anything will hurt your soul, do you avoid it? And when you have done wrong, are you sorry, and resolve to do so no more? Or are you willing that the fowls of the air should make a better use of GOD's gifts than you?

THE DOVE.

THERE was a lonely ark,
That sail'd o'er waters dark;
And wide around,
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green;
All, all were drown'd.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew;

But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied,
To cheer her view.

There was no chirping sound,
O'er that wide watery bound,
To soothe her wo.
But the cold surges spread
Their covering o'er the dead,
That slept below.

So to the Ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest:
CHRIST is thy Ark, my love,
Thou art the timid dove,—
Fly to his breast.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

A CHILD had troubled his mother:
He was fretful and disobedient:
He went away to school:
He walked slowly, and thought
Of what he had said and done.

The morning sky was bright,
But he did not look up and smile.

Flowers sparkled with dew,
But he did not enjoy their sweetness.
Birds sang from tree and bush,
But he did not love their song,
For the spirit of naughtiness
Lay heavy at his heart.

He entered the school-room:
The teacher read a lesson:
"Children,—a few years ago
You were little infants,—
Your hands were weak and helpless,—
Your feet unable to walk.

"Who held you tenderly in her arms?
And when you hungered, gave you food?
When you cried, who had patience with you?
Who smiled on your little plays,
And taught your little tongue its first words?

"When you were sick, who nursed you?
Who watched your cradle, thro' the long night?
Who bowed down, with tears upon her cheeks,
Fearing that you might die?"
And the children answered,
"It was our mother."

The lesson went on:
"What then will you do for the mother
Who hath done so much for you?
Who hath never forgotten you for a moment,

Who loveth you, night and day ?"
And the children said,
"We will love and obey her,
All the days of our life."

Then the child who had been bad at home,
Held down his head with shame.
As soon as school was done,
He hastened back to his mother:
He kneeled down by her side,—
He hid his face in her lap, and said,
"I was naughty to you, and did not repent.
I went to school, and was unhappy.
Mother, forgive me,—
That the flowers may be sweet to me again,
And that I may look at the bright, blue sky,
And be at peace."

The mother said, "I forgive you, my dear
son,—
Ask GOD to forgive you, also,
That the voice in your bosom
May no longer blame you,
And you may be at peace with HIM.

BOY AND GIRL TALKING.

A BOY and girl were walking along to school. The grass was fresh and green around them, and the skies bright, and they talked pleasantly together, as all good children should.

Some young birds chirped from a tree. They looked up, and saw the nest. "I love to hear the song of birds," said the boy.

"I wonder how any one can wish them harm."

The girl answered, "My teacher has told us, that we must always be kind to whatever is smaller and weaker than we. I know it is a good rule. We are happier when we keep it.

"When I feed the young chickens at home, their little voices seem to thank me. My sister and I scatter crumbs for the birds and we are glad to see them so tame as to

come near and eat them. But the pleasantest thing, is to amuse a young child, or, if a babe cries, to soothe it, and lull it to sleep in your arms."

The boy said, "It is a good rule that your teacher has given you. My mother has given me one also: To take care of the female sex, and not to be ashamed to be polite to them, as some boys are.

"My mother says, that the greatest and best men have always treated females with respect and kindness; and that GOD intended the strong should protect the weak. I believe that her rule is a good one, and shall obey it now, and when I grow to be a man."

THE LOG HOUSE.

You see a house built of logs. Large trees are growing near it, and a small brook runs by. It stands alone. Few people pass that way. It is in one of the new states, where there are but few inhabitants. It has only one room. The floor of rough boards, has no carpet. There are a few chairs, and a chest, and a pine table. In one corner is a plain bedstead and a bed. From underneath it, a small one, like a box on wheels, is drawn out, where the children sleep.

A little boy and girl are playing near the

large fireplace. It is filled with wood, and casts a bright blaze around. Their cheeks are ruddy, and their voices kind, as they speak to each other. Their mother is preparing the evening meal, and whatever she says to them, they quickly mind.

Their father comes in from his work. They run to meet him. The little son takes the basket in which he had been digging potatoes, and puts it in its place, and the daughter draws a chair for him to the clean hearth. They prattle pleasantly by his side, and ask if they may go and help him work to-morrow.

Soon the table is ready. Bowls of fresh milk are upon it, and bread that the mother has just baked, and eggs from their own

poultry, and a cup of maple molasses. The father asks Heaven's blessing upon their food. Then, seated around, they partake it with cheerful hearts.

Soon after, sweet tones arise, as of birds chirping in their nests. The little ones are singing the evening hymn that their mother taught them. Then, with her kiss upon their lips, and their father's blessing, they retire to sleep. The parents, seated by their single candle, talk lovingly of their comforts, and of the friends who are far away.

They have removed to this new country, from the states which had been longer set-

tled. They once lived in large houses, where were carpets, and sofas, and gilded pictures, and rich furniture. But they never complain for the want of these things. They are content with their lot, because the peace and love of God dwell in their hearts.

They have brought from their home in New-England, a few books which they highly prize. These the father reads to his wife at evening, while she knits or spins at his side; and from them she instructs the children, when he is at work in the fields, by day.

The one which they most value, is the

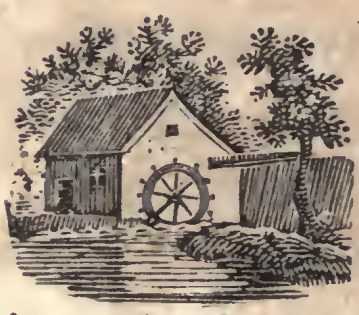
Bible, the Book of their Father in heaven They teach its blessed words to their little ones. They read it together, before they retire to rest, and then the father prays God to protect and bless his family, and make them at last a family in heaven.

The children who live in this log house are happy, because they are good and obedient. They are loving to each other, and obey the words of their kind parents. They are thankful for simple comforts, and do not expect fine clothes, or dainty food. They are far more contented than many who possess these things.

They are happy, though they are not rich. It is a mistake, to think that riches always bring happiness. Those who live

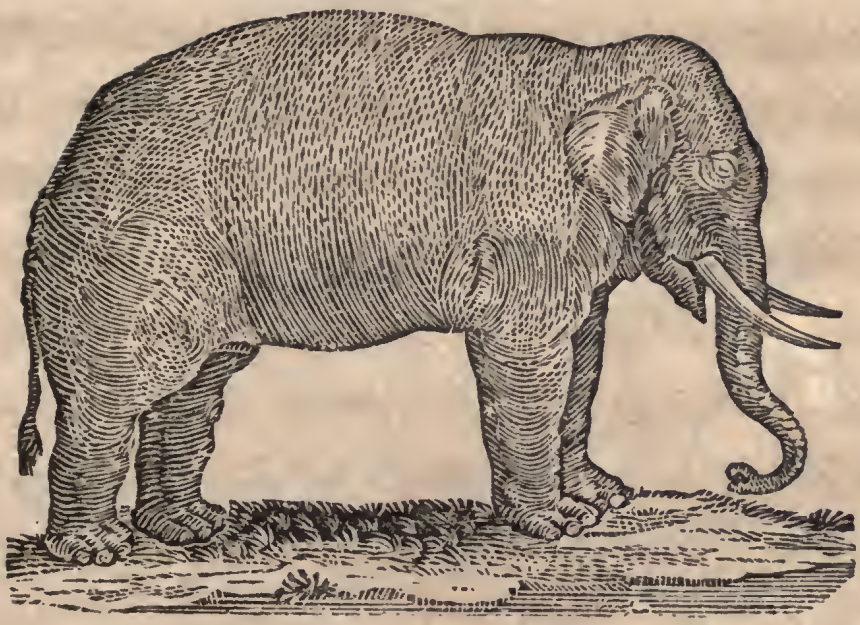
in fine houses, and spend much money, have many cares and troubles, as well as others. They cannot be happy, unless they live in love, and obey the commands of God.

The family in this log house are emigrants. We call those people emigrants, who remove from the spot where they were born, to reside in a distant land. Those who settle in new countries, have many hardships to bear, and ought to be patient and industrious.



The trees must be cut down, and the hard soil ploughed, before they can plant seed. Mills must be built, to grind the corn of which their bread is made. And they must learn to do without many articles of food and dress, which we buy of the merchant.

But when they see the school house and the church built among them, and a neat village rising where all was a tangled wood before, they must be happy that they themselves had helped it grow. And if they sow the seeds of honesty and piety in that new land, and bring up a race to be blessings to their country, their reward will be great in Heaven.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant is the largest animal that now lives upon the earth. It sometimes grows to twenty feet in heighth. Its young are playful, and do not reach their full size until they are more than twenty years old. It is a native of Asia and Africa; and from its tusks or large teeth, we get the ivory of which so many beautiful things are made.

Elephants are often brought to Europe

and America in ships, and shown as curiosities. With their trunks they convey food and water to their mouths, and defend themselves when attacked. They can reach with it to the distance of four or five feet, and are able to give with it so severe a blow, as to kill a horse.

They are very gentle when kindly treated. But they remember injuries, and revenge them. In thoughtfulness and wisdom, they approach nearer to the human race than any other animal. You will find many stories of their sagacity in books of Natural History.

A large Elephant was once brought in a vessel to New-York. From the wharf a broad plank was placed for him to walk upon to the shore. He put first one foot upon it,—striking it with force,—then ano-

ther; then the third; then the fourth and last. When he had thus tried it, and was sure that it was strong enough to bear his whole weight, he walked boldly upon it to the shore.

Elephants are fond of each other's company. In their wild state, large herds of them are seen under the broad leaved palm trees, or near the shady banks of rivers, where the grass is thick and green. There they love to bathe themselves, throwing the water from their trunks over their whole bodies, and enjoying a refreshing coolness.

They live to be more than a hundred years old. When death approaches, it is said, they retire to some lonely spot, under lofty trees, or near a peaceful stream, where others of their race have wandered, to die. There they lie down, and breathe their last,

among the bones of their friends, or their ancestors.

These noble creatures are naturally mild and brave. When tamed, they are obedient, and much attached to their keepers. They are fond of their young, and kind to each other. At a village in South Africa, where some English missionaries dwelt, a deep trench had been dug, which was not at that time filled with water.

One dark and stormy night, a troop of elephants passed that way, and one of their number fell into this deep pit. His companions did not leave him in distress, but tried every method in their power to liberate him. Some kneeled, others bowed down, and lifted with their trunks.

They failed many times, but still continued their labours. It was not until the morning had dawned, that they succeeded in raising their unlucky friend from his sad situation. The edges of the ditch, tracked and indented with their numerous footsteps, showed how hard they had toiled in their work of kindness.

Children, if your playmates are in any trouble, you must not turn aside and leave them. Learn from these kind animals how to show kindness to your own race. If

your friend says or does what is wrong, advise him to return to the right way; for the path of evil is worse than the deep pit into which the poor elephant fell.